

SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter

A Sequel to Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mr. Potter of Texas," "That Frenchman," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves. Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant, the four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is being seized. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to Enid. Just before Barnes' boat lands on Corsica's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica he is given a note written by Enid informing him that the kidnapping is for the purpose of entrapping Barnes so the vendetta may kill him. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid. They come in sight of her and her captors in the Corsican mountain wilds just as the noose approaches. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover Tomasso, the foster father of Marina who was supposed to have been killed by De Belloc's soldiers, and for whose death Barnes had been hunted. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not kill her brother. Many wrongs are righted. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Rochini and Romano, the two detected bandits, who had been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes darts out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Members of the Bellacosa enter and Barnes is honored for his great service to the community in killing the hated Rochini and Romano. The release of Enid is promised. She is conveyed in triumph to Bocognano. Marina acquiesces the Bellacosa with Salicetti's plot against her husband and the people are instructed to vote against him at the coming election. Barnes is taken to the mansion of the Paolis to meet Enid. Marina receives a telegram. She starts for Bastia to meet her husband. Entering the room to greet his wife Barnes is bewildered to find the adventuress La Belle Blackwood, but not Enid. She had been substituted for the American's bride by a shrewd plot. Lieut. Anstruther arrives to find Marina and learns that she has been lured away by the telegram which had been sent by another without his knowledge. The two start in search of Marina.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

So they spring off their horses and dear old Monsieur Staffe, recognizing the American, is about to offer them rooms when they both suddenly question him and learn to their concern that no lady has arrived from the interior this day at his hotel.

"She is drawn by two horses driven by an old Corsican with a beard several weeks old," says Barnes.

"It doesn't matter how she was driven; no lady has arrived here, gentlemen."

"Then Marina must have gone to inquire at the steamer offices as to when I'll arrive," cries Edwin.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculates Monsieur Staffe, his eyes lighting up, "you are the young English naval officer whose wedding to Mademoiselle Paoli created such an excitement in the island two weeks ago. Believe me, Monsieur, your wife is not in Bastia, or I should have heard of it. Everybody here honors the name of Paoli—and your sweet spouse is very much loved for her own dear self."

Despite Monsieur Staffe's assertions, the two young men stride out of his hotel, and though desperately fatigued, make inquiries at the offices of the Fraissinet and the Florio Ruballino companies, but no lady asking for arriving boats has been there, at all events, none answering Marina's description.

"We may have passed her on the road," remarks Barnes sympathetically, his anguish making him feel for his companion. "We'll give her two hours to come in and overtake us—two hours of rest," the poor fellow stretches his limbs wearily. "I'm flesh and blood, Anstruther. You didn't climb mountains all yesterday, as I did."

But Edwin, being unaccustomed to horseback exercise, though wiry enough upon the ship's deck, is stiff and sore. Compelled from very fatigue, the young men contrive to limp back to the Hotel de France, where they are very well taken care of, and two hours' sleep measurably revives them. Barnes has had a shave and would look almost debonaire when he comes down to breakfast at noon, but the cavities which hold his eyes abnormally brightened by anxiety give the lie to any appearance of lightness.

Anstruther is even more worried than before—and now as the day draws on, without his wife appearing, a look of fear comes into the young man's face that is horrible.

Gazing at him, Barnes mutters: "Are you good for another ride?"

"Yes—where?"

"We must take the back track," says the American. "We rode too rapidly this morning, thinking Marina was just ahead of us, for a critical investigation."

"Get under way," answers the lieutenant, and the two ride out of Bastia, making inquiries at every village and learning nothing.

In fact, the peasants, as they get nearer Ponte-alla-Lecchia, are too much excited over the election of the morrow to talk about much else. "Voting-day is to be enlivened by a race riot of the Lucchese," says one whom Barnes is questioning on the highway just where the Morosaglia road leaves it leading to the Tuscan sea.

Edwin has dismounted and is slouching morosely about the road to ease his tortured legs.

"Why don't they wipe out these mutinous Lucchese?" says the officer in quarterdeck tones as they get on their horses again.

"Then the native Corsicans would have to work. These Lucchese come over here from Italy and do the manual labor for them. But I can find no trace of your loved one or of mine," adds Barnes, almost despairingly, as they ride along the road, their inquiries growing more close and persistent till they reach Corte.

Together, disconsolately, the poor fellows force themselves to try to eat. The election excitement is growing higher, a brass band comes past, at its head a placard, "Vote for Salicetti!" and Barnes gnashes his teeth.

But turning from this, he rather curiously says suddenly: "Anstruther, you've got a flower in your button-hole."

"Oh, yes, I was so miserable I hardly knew what I was doing. I picked up this crimson thing in the road when you were talking to the peasant who was telling you of the Lucchese riots down at Orezza."

"There was no tree bearing the flower where you picked it up?" asks the American suddenly.

"No, I think not. I don't believe there was a shrub of any kind within a hundred feet of it. Why do you ask?" for the other's tone is excited.

"Why, because that's the cyclamen flower, one of the kind of which Marina bore whole branches in her carriage. Was there a branch attached to it?"

"I think there was. Hang it, I remember, I pulled it off. I—what are you driving at?"

"Well could that flower have been dropped at the entrance of the Morosaglia road with design by your wife out of her carriage?"

The English seaman gasps for breath, but tired as he is and stiff as he is he staggers up and says hurriedly: "Come!" and the two, through the night again, for it has grown very dark, ride down to Ponte-alla-Lecchia.

"By heaven, I wish we had hope of my sister also," says Edwin as they



The branches of the sweet-smelling posies he still encounters on the trail hurry him up hill and down hill, over running mountain streams, through wooded vales. Yet at least Nature must have its meed—despite all efforts of the rider, his head droops and his figure becomes lax in the saddle.

His steed with a whinny of joy almost runs down into a little valley and drawing suddenly up before a high campanile stone building, Anstruther falls off his horse into the arms of a good Monk of the Convent of Pledicce, who mutters: "Thank the Saints, you got here alive in time to drink the water of Orezza." For Anstruther's appearance between fearful fatigue and racking anxiety is now that of a man long onto death.

The hospitable friars put the invalid to bed and at high noon the next day the invalid, after another glass or two of the famous youth-giving Orezza water, which here springs bubbling from the earth, eats the noonday meal the good friars set before him, rises, gives them the blessing of a strong man and hurries on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bootblacks in Livery.

There is a new office building in Wall street that is piling luxury on luxury in the way of fittings and general accessories to the point where it bids fair to be a close rival to the marble and plush palaces of hotels uptown. The latest outbreak in this direction is the uniforming of the official bootblack of the building in a page's livery, blue trousers with a gold piping on the seams, a page's short tunic with ever so many round gilt buttons down the front and a dark blue straight visored cap with the name of the company that owns the structure in gold letters on the front. Of course, this bootblack page is an Italian, and he looks extremely hot and uncomfortable in his padded coat.

Yes, Why Not?

Not long ago a well-known playwright decided that he would like to have a theater of his own in which to produce his own plays. He didn't have money enough to build it, but he had a wealthy friend in Wall street. As soon as the idea set in on him, the playwright visited Wall street and laid the scheme before his friend. The Wall street man put his feet on his mahogany desk and listened attentively. He admitted that he had a few hundred thousand dollars lying around loose, yet wasn't particularly enthusiastic on the theater project. "Why write plays?" he demanded, at last. "Write checks."

NEW MEXICAN AMBASSADOR



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Senor Don Francisco de la Barra succeeds Senor Creel as ambassador from Mexico to the United States. Senor de la Barra has represented his country as minister to Belgium and Holland for the last three years and before that he was minister at Buenos Ayres.

WEALTH IN WASTE

NEW DISCOVERY FOR MAKING WOOD PULP PAPER.

Invention of a Minnesota Professor by Which Product Worth \$7.50 Is Made to Yield \$80—Like Distilling Sugar.

Minneapolis, Minn.—One of the most significant industrial discoveries of the age was admitted the other day by Dean George B. Frankforter of the college of chemistry of the University of Minnesota.

It means, says experts, that the United States will produce a hundred times as much wood pulp paper as was believed possible. It means that every cord of fir lumber will yield ten dollars' profit on by-products alone, and that the greater part of the 60 per cent. of a tree now wasted, will be turned into dollars and cents. It means huge plants and new industries.

A prominent lumberman is almost the sole sharer with Dr. Frankforter of the process. So convinced is he of the enormous commercial value of the discovery that an experimental plant will be constructed this summer in the west, to be followed immediately by the building of a mammoth plant.

Dr. Frankforter has experimented on these processes for 12 years. The perfected process consists of taking small pieces of waste wood or sawdust, laying it on a steel incline over a furnace and subjecting it to a chemical process of distillation. Carbon disulphide, or gasoline, is poured over the sawdust, dissolving the turpentine and resin which pass off as gases into a coil of pipes leading to a tank.

The process is similar to the distillation of sugar. Wood pulp remains free from pitch, and eminently suitable for the manufacture of paper. The existing method of distillation left the pulp in the form of charcoal. Dr. Frankforter extracted from one cord of Norway pine, worth \$7.50, turpentine worth \$41.60 and wood pulp worth \$39, or a yield of \$80 from \$7.50 worth of raw material.

The story of the discovery reads like a story book. Walking one day in 1899 through the pine woods of the northern part of Minnesota, Dr. Frankforter noted an old stump, which gave out an odor strangely unlike that of the ordinary turpentine. He took a sample back to the university, showed it to a friend in the faculty who happened also to be a friend of Weyerhaeuser, and mentioned his desire to experiment further.

Within a week a mill can filled with the pitch of the Norway pine—for it was that which he had taken home—was sent him. He set to work. The then known process of distillation consisted in boiling the wood until the pitch was separated and the wood left as charcoal. Neither of these substances had much commercial value. He then happened upon the present process. Later he erected a small experimental plant near his home, and capitalists interested came to his assistance. The discovery of the process of making wood pulp came like a flash.

TESLA INVENTS NEW TURBINE. Capable of Speeding Ships 50 Knots an Hour, It Is Said.

New York.—Nikola Tesla has invented an explosive gas turbine which will propel sea-going vessels at from forty to fifty knots an hour.

For several days experiments have been made secretly at the works of the American and British company at Bridgeport, Conn., with a craft having the appearance of a torpedo-boat destroyer. The experiments have proved, it is said, that the new tur-

bine can develop speed that will make the records of the Lusitania and Mauretania fade into comparative insignificance. Mr. Tesla, when found at his office, said:

"I cannot imagine how knowledge of this turbine leaked out. It is true I have succeeded in developing an enormously high degree of speed with a gas explosive turbine, and even though I invented it I will say it's a corker. It will outspeed anything afloat, and its capabilities are boundless."

Asked what he meant by boundless capabilities, Mr. Tesla said:

"I am not prepared to go into the secret of this turbine, but it will drive a vessel of any size, no matter how rough the water, at an incredible rate of speed. This can't be said of other things afloat."

"When I am ready to give public trials you will find that my turbine will revolutionize sea going travel and cause builders of Dreadnoughts to sit up and take notice. The turbine will give the American supremacy in speed on the seas. It will exceed 50 knots an hour when I have finished my experiment."

New Rifle Has Electric Lights. Springfield, Mass.—A rifle equipped with an electric light which will enable a soldier to aim at night is being tested at the government arsenal here.

A small battery is carried on the under side of the stock and wires connect with two tiny electric bulbs at the end of the barrel. By pressing a button the shooter turns on the lights and is able to see in the darkness.

Two guns thus equipped recently have been shipped from the arsenal, and it is rumored that they went to President Roosevelt for use on his African hunt.

"We row in the same boat," said a literary friend to Jerrold. "True, my good fellow, we do row in the same boat, but with very different skulls."

MEN GETTING BIGGER

AMERICA IS THREATENED WITH A RACE OF GIANTS.

College Boys Growing Larger Every Year, According to Statistics Gathered at Yale—Tests of Ten Years Ago.

New Haven, Conn.—The American citizen of the future is to be a giant, according to the statistics of the athletic instructors. Dr. Born, medical director of the Yale gymnasium, has made public the 1908 statistics of development in the university. For the comparisons 500 athletes from the crew, the football and baseball teams, the track men and the student athletes generally were measured.

The general average is compared with the averages taken in 1903, and the 1908 averages are generally higher than had been expected. The new college man has grown an inch and one-half in five years. He has gained 27 pounds in weight and has 72 cubic inches more lung capacity than his prototype of five years before.

The list bears out the assertion, commonly made during recent years, that the American man was becoming greater physically than any known race of men has ever been.

The comparative measurements given out by Dr. Born are:

	1903	1908
Height	69.9 in.	68.4 in.
Weight	170.5 lbs.	149 lbs.
Lung capacity	314 cu. in.	272 cu. in.
Shoulders	17 in.	16.5 in.
Neck	15 in.	14.1 in.
Chest	38.3 in.	35 in.
Inspiration	40.1 in.	37.3 in.
Waist	31.6 in.	29.7 in.
Biceps	13.1 in.	12.1 in.
Forearm	11.2 in.	10.6 in.
Right thigh	22.9 in.	21 in.
Right calf	14.3 in.	14.2 in.

The most thorough tests made in this country were published ten years ago when statistics were taken from many sources showing the gradual increase in height and weight of American men and women.

Then the average height was found to be about 68½ inches; chest measurement, 38 inches; with inflated chest, 40 inches; waist, 28 inches; hip, 32 inches; thigh, 21½ inches; calf, 14½ inches, and weight, 160 pounds.

Then it was said that a glance over 20,000 college men showed an average increase in weight for 40 years of three pounds and an average increase in height of an inch, with the freshman classes showing two inches better average than their fathers had shown. The average was likewise shown to have gained an inch in height and five pounds in weight.

The records have not been kept with any uniformity either as to ages and numbers tested, or as to form of recording the measurements, but the general indication is that the human family, as typified by the American college boy, is growing and developing in weight, in height and in the general points that go to make up the units of strength.

None of the new averages for women has been produced, but the last general record showed an average height of five feet seven inches, weight of 125 pounds, bust of from 28 to 36 inches, waist of 24 inches and neck of 13 inches.

Needle, Not Neuralgia.

Sayre, Pa.—After being in her body so long that she cannot remember how or when it entered, a No. 8 needle worked out of the neck of Mrs. D. E. Shannon, of Canton.

For the past month she has had severe pains in her back and neck, and thought they came from rheumatism or neuralgia.

The other day, while rubbing the back of her neck with a lotion, she felt the needle. It was extracted by a physician and the pains at once ceased.

There are a great many who aspire, but fewer who persevere in their aspirations.

RULER OF BULGARIA



Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria standing before his rustic armchair on a rock overlooking the sea.